The Kaiser's mean trick to get even with King George, page 1834.

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"A LITTLE BEAR BEHIND."

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ROYAL AND SOCIETY NEWS

Exclusive to "Modern Life."

Kaiser Wilhelm's Shabby Trick to get even with King George.

Kaiser Wilhelm, in spite of being God's own emissary on earth, is a very mean-minded man. Any dirty tricks from which a gentleman would recoil come quite natural to him. There is the case of the succession to the ducal throne of Coburg, for instance. The Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha has announced that his Government will pass a house-law limiting the succession in future to princes born on German soil. Now, this may seem a simple matter, and of no great importance in Britain. But that is because the significance of the act is not understood. What this new house-law means is that all the rightful heirs of the throne in Coburg are to be struck off the list because they are Englishmen, and the Duke of Coburg is merely (under compulsion) obeying the German Kaiser in his efforts to get even with King George, the monarch who has despoiled him of his boasted colonies.

* * *

King George's Family's Sole Right to the Coburg Title.

For King George is to-day the head of the House of Coburg. Not many people realise that, perhaps. How it happens is as follows: When Queen Victoria wedded, it was the only brother of the ruler in Coburg whom she selected as spouse. The Duke of Coburg died without having begot heirs, and the Prince Consort, had he been still alive, would have become Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha. As he was dead, his son, our King Edward, was next heir, but, being Heir-Apparent in Britain, he could not go to Germany. So his brother Edinburgh went in his stead, and when he died without sons, the job would have fallen to the Duke of Connaught if he had cared to accept it. But that the Duke could swallow suzerainty under Silly Bill was hardly to be expected. Neither would his son, Arthur, go to Coburg. So it was left to the only son of the late Duke of Albany, Queen Victoria's youngest son, to take on the job in Coburg.

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Inner Meaning of the new Coburg House-Law.

The Kaiserin found the sixteen-year-old Duke of Albany a wife from her own family, and within six or seven years the young couple have begot as many children. Three of them are boys, and heirs to their father. But should they die, the Coburg Duchy would still have to have a Duke from England, who would, of course, be one of the sons of King George, the senior heir-male of all the dead and gone Coburgers. So now you see the mean trick that Silly Bill has foisted upon young Albany in causing him to promulgate a house-law which would cut off our King's sons from the possibility of ever reigning in Coburg, which, it may be added, is one of the most delectable spots in Deutschland.

* * *

Kaiser laying up more Rods in Pickle for Himself.

However, it does not matter how many house-laws the Coburg Government passes on the subject of the succession, because blood is blood, and is thicker than water. And, mark you, long before this war is over, the other reigning princes in Germany will have had *their* say on this matter. Nothing has made the Kaiser so unpopular in his dominions in the past as his efforts to interfere with the succession to the different thrones, and the way he got told off over the Lippe-Detmold affair ought to have proved a lesson to him.

But that was when he was only Emperor in name; now that war is on, and he is Emperor in reality, perhaps he thinks he has got the minor German rulers in the hollow of his hand, and that he can do anything. Time, however, will tell. In the meantime, when the question comes up in the chancelleries of Europe as to what is to be done in regard to the Hohenzollerns, we trust the peace settlers will not fail to remember the Coburg matter. Kaiser William cannot then complain if he is treated to his own medicine, and a house-law foisted upon the Hohenzollerns, depriving his Imperial Majesty's own sons of all rights to the Prussian throne!

* * *

Young Albany hastens to let King George know the truth.

Anyway, all admirers of our younger Royalties will be glad to learn that the new Coburg house-law is no work of young Albany. Moreover, when the Duke received from the Kaiser the injunction that such a law must be enacted in Coburg, he at once wrote to his mother at Claremont informing her of the Kaiser's intention, and requesting her to call upon King George and assure his Majesty that as a Prince of Great Britain and Ireland the new law was no job of his doing, but that he must acquiesce in it, or risk the charge of disloyalty to the German Empire, while he was actually in the field with the German forces.

* * *

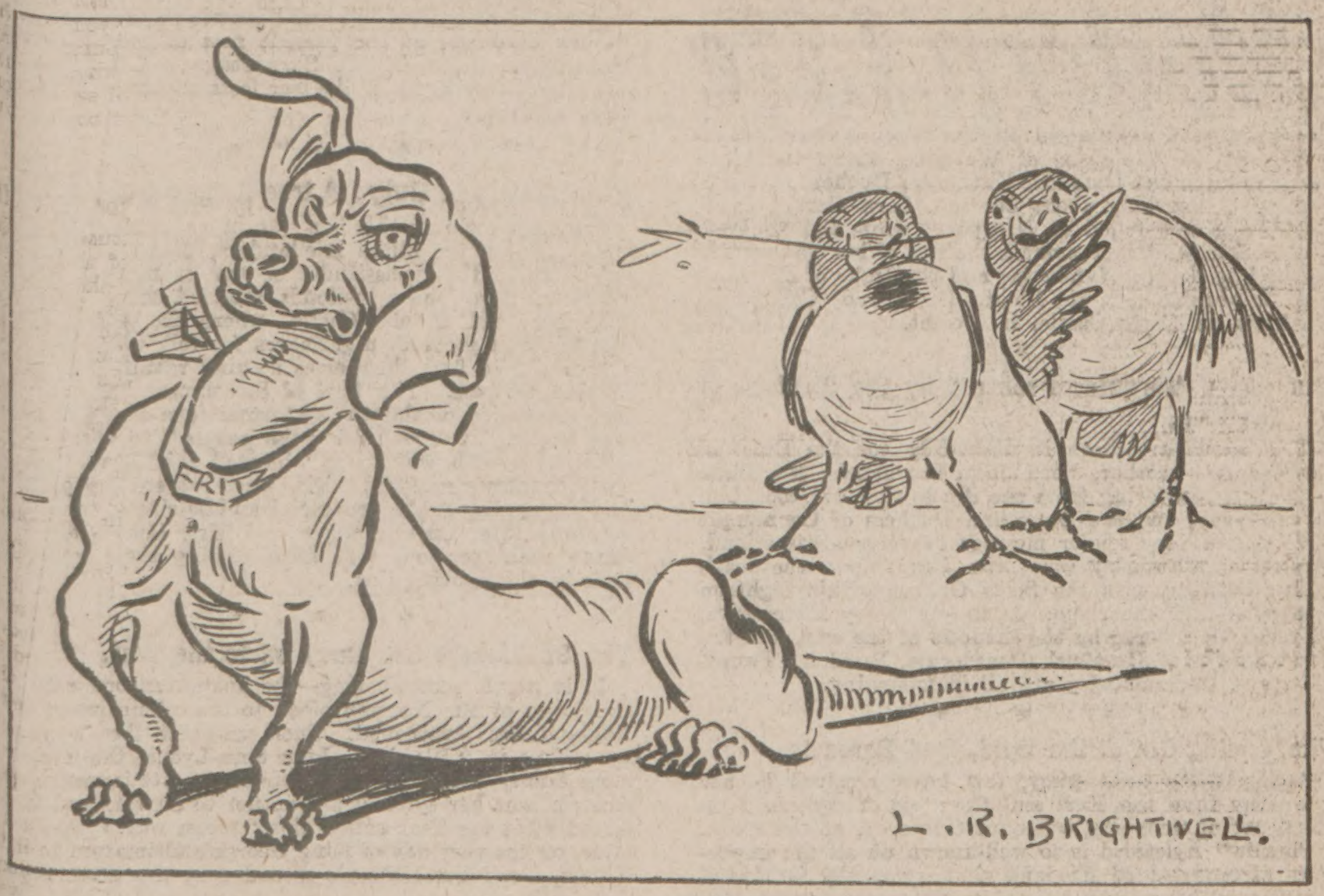
Duchess of Albany has a troubled interview with King George.

The Duchess of Albany at once discharged her painful duty, and I met her in the Palace as she was leaving. I confess I never saw her Royal Highness with so worried a look. King George, of course, informed her Royal Highness that he knew his cousin had no hand in altering the Coburg succession, and cheered the Duchess up with the assurance that "come what might, everything in the end would be as before!" Which, of course, was very comforting, for let it be remembered young Albany and Coburg is not very distantly removed from the succession to the throne of England.

* * *

Why King George invited the Agha Khan to Lunch.

Once again has Modern Life's secret history from Buckingham Palace been ratified—and ratified in a far more dramatic manner than anyone could possibly have foreseen. On October 31, before any act of aggression had been made by Turkey against this country, I informed my readers that the Agha Khan had lunched with the King at the Palace, and that between them they had "settled the fate of Turkey." The reason the King desired this private and informal opportunity of conversation with the Agha Khan was in order to ascertain from his Highness precisely what was the feeling throughout the Mohammedan world in regard to the prestige of the Sultan of Turkey, and whether the wind-up of the Turkish Empire would react very seriously upon our King's own Mohammedan subjects (King George, of course, is the greatest monarch of the Moslem world, with three hundred millions of Mussulmans under his sway).



1st Sparrow: "Wot's up wiv the Dachshund, Chippy?"
2nd Sparrow: "Why, yer see, ever since war started 'e's been that unpopular 'e's trying now to pass hisself orf as a bulldog!"

Agha Khan's Prophecy justified to the Letter.

The Agha Khan was able to reassure his Majesty that there was nothing to be feared, and that war with Turkey would simply demonstrate to the world that the Mohammedans of India were absolutely loyal to the British Raj. So I stated that the result of the Agha Khan's conversation with his Majesty was that his Highness told the King that "the downfall of the Khalifate would not upset the Turkish Sultan's religious position (as the spiritual head of the Mohammedan world), while a serious menace to the peace of Europe would be removed by the planting of the Union Jack over the Dardanelles." Since then the King has had remarkable demonstration of the truth of the Agha Khan's prophecy. It shows, too, the consummate wisdom of King George in going to the fountain-head for his information.

* * *

Turkey in a hurry for a whacking.

The arrival of several hundred German officers in the Black Sea was immediately followed by the bombardment by the German cruiser *Goeben* of the Russian port of Odessa, and the forcible detention of one of our Consuls on the Persian Gulf by Turkey. Prompt was Britain's stern reply. The old British cruiser *Minerva* at once bombarded Akaba, a Turkish fortress on the Syrian shoreland. England and Turkey were at death-grips days before the Turkish Ambassador could get out of London! Following this state of active hostility between the Sultan, the chief descendant of Mahomet, and Great Britain, what has been the attitude of the millions of Mohammedans who have looked up to the Khalifate as the Roman Catholics look up to the Pope?

* * *

The greatest of all the Kaiser's Fairy Tales.

From all quarters the Mohammedans have sent back the reply that they will stand by King George to the bitter end. From the most distant parts of the Moslem world comes the same story. From far Quette, the capital of Baluchistan; from Calcutta; from Nairobi; from Delhi; from Cairo; from Bombay and Scinde right across to Baku in Europe, the cry comes always the same, "We stand by England!" So the Kaiser can now realise that to his long list of errors is added the great canard about the rising of the Mohammedan world in defence of the Khalifa.

* * *

Silly Bill "Kidded" all round.

No monarch in the history of the world was ever so completely fooled by his trusted advisers as Kaiser Wilhelm II. There is not a single serious calculation made by the Von Schoens, Von Spees, the Bernstorffs, Tirplitzes, and Moltkes that has not been upset in the most violent manner. The Moslem world now adds its tale to those of South Africa, Canada, America and Ireland. There may, of course, be a few bits of trouble with the undisciplined and ignorant Bedouins and Dervishes who roam the deserts of Arabia and the Soudan, but they are not the Mohammedan world any more than the Maoris are the British Over-Seas Empire.

* * *

Why the British Empire Grows.

It has long been one of the dreams of our administrators in Egypt to see the Union Jack flying over Arabia, where lies Mecca, the ambition of all true Moslems. Now that dream will be realised, and a few more million followers of the Prophet will come beneath the peaceful and tolerant sway of our King George. Thus does the British Empire enlarge itself through the stupidity of others.

* * *

The War in the Seats of the Mighty.

The war, which has brought so much sorrow into the homes of the people, has also darkened the portals of many a noble mansion, and nowhere has the shock of war re-echoed so hideously as amongst the strawberry

leaves. The Duke of Roxburghe is slowly recuperating from his wound on the Aisne at Floors Castle; the new Duke of Buccleuch receives daily telegrams as to the wounds of his brothers at the war; the Duke of Wellington is in mourning for his gallant son, Lord Richard Wellesley, who went down on the Belgian coast not so very far from the scene of Waterloo, where the great Duke won his last honours; Katherine Duchess of Westminster is worrying about her son, Lord Gerald Grosvenor, who was felled at Nieuport; while the Duke of Westminster's mother mourns the loss of her gallant son by the late George Wyndham; and the Duke of Portland loses a possible heir in Lieut. Ferdinand Cavendish-Bentinck, of Corfe Castle, in Dorset.

* * *

Our Merry Marquesses sobered by the Shadows of the War.

The blinds are down in Piccadilly for the Duke of Devonshire's brother, Lord John Cavendish; the Duke of Teck is recovering from the illness that overtook him at the front; and the Duke and Duchess of Connaught have sent a very tender message to their great friend, Mrs. Rivers Bulkeley (*née* Miss Pelly) upon the death of her husband with the Scots Guards within eighteen months of their marriage. As to our Merry Marquesses, they are all sobered by the shadows of the war, and the great Houses of Hertford, Lansdowne, Dufferin, Tweeddale, and Cholmondeley are all in mourning.

* * *

The Wiping Out of the Bold, Bad Baronets.

Amongst the aristocracy, few have received keener sympathy than the Earl and Countess of Aylesford on the death of their son, Viscount Guernsey, at the front. "Charlie" Aylesford is so well-known on all the important racecourses of England that sympathy is almost universal for his Lordship and his amiable Countess. As to our baronets, at the present rate of mortality the Honourable Order of the Baronetage will have to be started all over again if the war lasts another five years, as it well may.

* * *

Twixt Love and Duty: A true Romance of the War.

Although for once this is a war in which all the kudos isn't going to the kilted Hie'landers, Bonny Scotland is experiencing the viccissitudes of war in unusual places. Nowhere have the war-clouds scudded more gloomily than over old Glamis Castle, where the secret ghost mystery still provides nightmares for folk who have the misfortune to find themselves staying within five miles of that fortress. The Earl of Strathmore has had one long succession of alarums and excursions ever since the war began. It is well for "the people" to realise the seriousness with which our "bloated aristocracy" take their country's greatest crisis, when we see the phlegm and the apathy of the provincial middle classes, and how carefully Mrs. Cheesemonger and Mrs. Coalporter dissuade their precious sons from risking their valuable lives in the fighting line.

* * *

The Strathmore Set hurry off to the War.

It is worth remembering—the instantaneous rush of the flower of our Norman blood to the colours when Old England was threatened. Then we know that there *is* something in "Blood!" Like true Lyons, the Strathmore family rushed to join their regiments immediately Austria sent her spiteful ultimatum to Servia, and thus forced what the Tsar called this "mean war." A week later, on the very day of King George's ultimatum to the Kaiser, Lord Strathmore's second son, the Hon. John

Old Woman (to soldiers invalided home): "Don't ee talk about being thin. Why, when my George come home from South Africa ee should 'ave seen 'im.—Well, ee two are thin, but lors, 'e was as thin as both of ee put together."

The Influence of our popular Generals upon the Winter Fashions.

Bowes-Lyon, got his hint to go to the front, and at once he arranged to get married to the lass of his choice, Lord and Lady Clinton's youngest daughter.

* * *

"Fane of the Coldstreamers."

That event took place a few days later, but the echoes of the wedding bells continued to be heard in gloomy old Glamis Castle, for the new Mrs. John Bowes-Lyons's sister was also married in a hurry a few days later to the third son of Sir Charles Morrison-Bell. All the Bowes-Lyons set then went off to the front, including Harry Fane, of the Coldstream Guards, who also married one of the Clinton girls in the Guards' Chapel in Wellington Barracks four years ago.

* * *

Wedding Hurriedly Arranged.

But the wedding bells were soon turned to death's doleful notes. Lord Strathmore's brother, Captain Malcolm Bowes-Lyon, of the "Second Life," was the first of his family to get wounded. Another brother, the Hon. Francis Bowes-Lyon, received news that his son, Lieutenant G. F. Bowes-Lyon, was also nearly slaughtered on the Aisne. Then old Sir Charles Morrison-Bell died very suddenly, and put all the Strathmores and Clintons into mourning. Lieut. Geoff. Bowes-Lyon, having fallen in love, had arranged to get married to Miss Katharine Selby-Bigge about now, but arranged to wed her in a hurry.

That interesting engagement was, however, to necessitate many applications of the smelling-salts before its accomplishment. Then came the news of the death at the front of Lady Strathmore's cousin, young Cavendish-Bentinck, with more mourning, for, of course, had she been born a boy, Lady Strathmore would to-day have been Duke of Portland. Next comes the news of the wounding of Harry Fane, and his arrival in a serious state at a nursing home in London!

Every Hour an Alarm by Wire!

And so the tale of woe goes on at Glamis Castle, every hour bringing a wire about something or other of an alarming nature. Amongst the latest of these painful billets was the announcement from Geoff Bowes-Lyon that he had had another marching order, and that his hustled wedding could not take place. The beautiful bride-to-be was communicated with, the Bowes-Lyons authorised the announcement in the Press of the "indefinite postponement" of the wedding; Miss Selby-Bigge fainted when she heard of it, poor darling, Lady Selby-Bigge wrung her hands, while Sir Amherst stormed, and Geoff was hurriedly wired for, just before his ship sailed.

* * *

Wedding Bells Ring Out at Last.

Private influence being brought to bear in the right quarter, it was decided the country would get along without Geoff's services for another twenty-four hours, and, after another day and night of acute anxietey, Geoff was allowed to stay behind at Southampton, while his sweetheart was motored down to the coast, with a thirty-pound "special licence" in her pocket, and the distraught young couple went to St. Mary's Church last Saturday morning week and made themselves man and wife. After all of which poor old Geoff will probably find the war a very pleasant respite from the rush of the last few days!

Many a gilt-edged investment is all on the edge.

* * *

A diary isn't interesting unless it tells the truth, and it isn't safe if it does.

* * *

Every man has an aim in life, but lots of them are mighty poor marksmen.

LIVELY LITTLE LEADERS.

DEFEAT OR SACRIFICE?

It is useless to think about or write about anything to-day except the need of men. Men, men, men! That is what England wants, and that is what England has to get, and rapidly, too, if she is not to go under ultimately in this terrible war. And once we go under, as Lord Rosebery has so truly said, we go under for ever. Let me call out to-day, then, for men, men, men—men to show the world that the England of old is the England of to-day, that however the veneer of things and nations may change, Englishmen cannot alter, that they are the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever, the greatest fighters and the greatest stickers, when once they get going, that the world has ever known. That is what we have got to show, and that is what, I make no doubt whatever, we are going to show.

For don't misunderstand me, reader. I have headed this article "Defeat or Sacrifice?" But don't think for a moment that I am one of those gloomy old women who are going about all over the place predicting disaster and destruction, and general hell all round, for the British arms and the British Empire. I don't predict disaster at all, under conditions of national sanity. I do predict disaster under conditions of national insanity. In other words, the progress of the war so far has conclusively shown that we are winning, and can win if we have got the men, but that we may lose, and lose disastrously, if at the present crisis in our history the men of England refuse to answer the call—not in thousands, but in hundreds of thousands—to do their little all for their beloved country. To answer the call—as it will be answered—is national sanity. To disobey the call is national insanity.

And to disobey the call is also individual insanity. One wonders, as one sees dozens of young men parading the streets with smirks and smiles upon their self-satisfied features, whether some of them really know that a war is going on. And if they do know it, one wonders further whether they know what it is all about, whether they know the simple little fact that if we do not put two millions of trained men in the field during the next year or eighteen months we stand an even-money chance of going under for ever. That is the plain, simple little fact that needs at the present moment to be rammed home in the mind of every Englishman if journalists are to do their duty at the present time. And I believe that if the case is properly put to the men of England, if they and their dependents are treated fairly in the matter of pensions and allowances, if they are treated as human beings and not as serfs, if they are made to grasp once and for all the gigantic necessity of men, men, men, they will respond to the call that is now being made to them from one end of England to the other. They will sacrifice all, if need be, for the England that they love. They will die rather than face the ignominy and distress of even a partial defeat. That is what I believe, and the more I believe it the more urgently I would shout the truth in the ears of every Englishman—Wake up, ere it is too late. The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak. That is all that is the matter with the young England of to-day.

Living as he does in a right little, tight little island, the average Englishman has been slow to grasp the fact that the conditions of modern warfare are totally different from the conditions of warfare when England took the lead among the nations of the world. We have been brought up on Drake and Nelson and Wellington and Clive, and glorious men they were to be brought up on, too. But those great men never had to face the possibility of a hostile nation fighting us upon our own shores. They never heard, as we have heard, an enemy's guns booming within half-a-mile of their country. They never in their wildest dreams ever dreamt of submarines torpedoing our ships with devilish tenacity and wonderful exactitude. They never dreamed of the kind of warfare that we see to-day, a warfare that is largely controlled by petrol and aeroplanes and the demonical insanity of the most barbarous and, at the same time, one of the most civilised, of the nations of the world. The conditions are altogether different. Nay, they have become altogether different even in the short space of a few months. We see the Germans, with devilish cleverness, keeping the main body of their navy out of sight, and pursuing the policy of darting out here and there with their submarines or cruisers, with the object of gradually lessening the number of our battleships, and so reducing our Navy to the numerical level of their own. We see an utter refusal on the part of the enemy to give battle on the sea until they are morally certain that they have a good deal more than a sporting chance of victory. We see on land, in France and Belgium, a kind of warfare that has never been known in the history of the world. There are no battles, in the old-fashioned sense of the word. There are no great victories and no great defeats. It is ding-dong, hammer-and-tongs, all the time, with the certainty that it will take a long, long time before either side can claim anything in the nature of a signal success. War, in a word, has become a gigantic business, in which victory in the end will be to numbers and money. And we on our side have the money, but we have not the numbers. That is the whole thing summed up in a nutshell. We are brave as our fathers were brave. But bravery cannot win wars to-day. The Germans are brave—do not let us flatter ourselves that they are not. No nation in history has fought with greater determination and self-sacrifice than the Germans who have during the past few weeks been packing their soldiers in thousands and tens of thousands right in front of our guns. We have kept them back, and we can continue to keep them back and drive them back even to the gates of Berlin itself. But we can only do it with men, men, men. And how any Englishman of fighting age can look at the casualty lists in our papers day after day and silently refuse the country's call is a mystery indeed.

The most terrible thing that can be said of any nation is that she went to defeat with victory within her grasp, just because she didn't understand. Shall that be said of us? How could we as Englishmen live with such a stigma on our conscience? How could we die with such a burden on our brains? It cannot be. It must not be. It shall not be. Wake up, England, with the spirit of your fathers! Wake up, England, with the spirit of your mothers! Nothing can defeat us but lack of men. Nothing can daunt us so long as we have got the men. But we have got to learn that even the greatest Empire in history cannot do impossibilities. Lord Kitchener cannot do impossibilities. Sir John French cannot do impossibilities. We cannot win without the men, even with God and justice on our side. We cannot lose if we have the men, though all hell's devils be arrayed against us.

JONATHAN GRUB STRETE.

Some women seem to be artificial by nature.

* * *

A level-headed man often has the most bumps.

* * *

A sovereign remedy can often be purchased for a shilling.

* * *

A beautiful woman is generally much given to reflection—in the mirror.

* * *

The black sheep of the family is generally the most easily fleeced.

* * *

It's nothing very wonderful to "make a noise in the world." A donkey with a can tied to his tail can do that.

* * *

Don't let the burdens of to-morrow break the back of to-day.

* * *

Some women seem to be of the opinion that a "wrapt expression" makes up for a very unwrapped appearance.

WHO, WHY, WHEN AND WHERE.

LITTLE QUESTIONS FOR PROMINENT PEOPLE.

When the London Irish are to be sent to the front, and given their chance of showing what they can do? And if they are not a trifle irritable at the mention of "London Scottish"?

* * *

How long it will be before King Albert pays his first state visit to London to thank the King of England for his championship of poor little Belgium? And whether London town will not be *really* dangerous the day that auspicious event occurs?

* * *

Whether *Reynolds's* Secret History was not rather wide when it stated on Sunday that Prince Maurice of Battenberg was the first member of the British Royal Family to fall in battle since the days when James IV. of Scotland was slain at Flodden?

* * *

Who ever before heard that James IV. of Scotland was a member of the British Royal Family? And has *Reynolds's* forgotten that Prince Maurice's first cousin, the eldest son of Princess Christian, died in the South African War?

* * *

Whether, now that the invalid Marquis of Lansdowne has been informed of the death at the front of his son, Lord Charles Nairne, he will ever again be seen in public life?

* * *

Whether poor Lady Sarah Wilson was able to get to the bedside of her dying husband? And is it not appalling the way our crack cavalry leaders are getting potted?

* * *

How is it the poor Punjaubis have been so completely forgotten in the distribution of luxuries? And who will patriotically send out a few hundred pounds weight of tobacco to the Baluchis and Pathans?

* * *

Whether the Kaiser will not one day kick himself for that "hack also the fellows in the north" message?

* * *

Whether Lord Donoughmore is working hard to get his weight down in order to proceed to the front? And whether his growing stoutness is not due to Lady Donoughmore's own special way of cooking his Lordship's porridge, so that he shall stay at home?

* * *

If Mr. Fred Terry's reply to Mr. Cosmo Hamilton's article on the present state of the Drama was not very much milder than it might have been?

* * *

How much the Buckingham Palace stationery bill now totals per week?

Clarence: "You look down, old thing. What is it?"

Percy: "No gorgonzola for lunch again to-day, Clarence. I've not tasted any now for over a month. It's things like that, old boy, that bring home to one what a fearful thing war really is."

If the German accusations against Sisters of Mercy on the battlefield are not about the worst "horror" produced by the war?

* * *

If Sir Reginald Wingate is going to repeat his experience of 1899—of fighting a big battle "on his own" with none of the war correspondents present?

* * *

If Lord Dundonald has gone to the front?

* * *

Is the drinking among the troops of the Salisbury Plain command quite as excessive as we hear?

* * *

If cricket, football, and flying are the three "sports" that have come out best in the war so far?

* * *

Whether H.H. the Agha Khan is not very unmistakably one of the b'hoys?

* * *

Is it true that the New Year's Honour List will be rendered historic by the creation of a new and exclusive decoration for naval and military leaders, and is it also true that the mercantile marine is again to be passed over after its splendid feat of carrying 300,000 British and Indian troops to the Continent?

* * *

How the *Evening News* liked a penny contemporary's description of its high opinion of a recent German war-song as "sickening drivel"?

* * *

If it is a fact that Mr. John Burns would have resigned even if the war-cloud had not burst, his relations with several of his colleagues of the Cabinet having become most unenviable?

* * *

If Mr. G. K. Chesterton was not filled with delight and gratification when he discovered a Belgian refugee big enough to wear a pair of his cast-off trousers?

* * *

If Prince Leopold has not been energetically "drilling" our young Princes ever since he came over to England?

* * *

If the silk handkerhief, the box of cachous, and the concert programme in the pocket of the new opera cloak which her Ladyship "returned" to Swan and Edgars, did not rather "give the game away"?

* * *

If Princess Mary has had to acquire a new "war map" for her boudoir, owing to the other having come to grief at the hands of Prince David?

TABLOID TOPICS.

"Publicans' hours are being shortened all over the country." And so are their tempers.

* * *

When the *Emden* went on the Cocos, it was only natural that she should get beans.

* * *

"Large quantities of fruit are being sent out to our troops in hampers." Their desserts, of course!

* * *

The remarkable spectacle of the Kaiser holding communion with the Virgin Mary is easily seen through.

* * *

"Before the war the Kaiser habitually kept his tongue in his cheek."—*The Star*. Now his cheek is in his tongue.

* * *

Close upon 60,000 railway men have joined the Colours. Good. The Stokers will have been trained in the firing line.

* * *

Turkey's holy war against Christians excludes the Kaiser. On that point the Turko-Teutonic alliance was quite unnecessary.

* * *

In the round-up of British subjects now proceeding in Germany, the Germans, according to wont, art not acting on the square.

* * *

The Germans, as their record shows, have little compassion for our wounded, but they now have a wholesome respect for the Sikh.

* * *

King George has placed his Barleythorpe stud at the disposal of King Albert. The latter, however, is not expected to collar the lot.

* * *

Loot from French chateaux has been sent to Germany in special trains. Which gives point to the Clown Prince's belief that war is bootyful.

* * *

The Kaiser has issued a proclamation stating that he had a wondrous dream, and adds: "The Virgin gazed at me tearfully." So one would imagine.

* * *

The German cruiser *Geier*, which has caused much trouble in the Pacific, has been interned at Honolulu, and will doubtless now be rènamed the *Sadder*.

* * *

A just-published book chronicling the war is advertised as a collection of "facts that read like fiction." The advertisement gives a solid fact, anyhow.

* * *

Some of our Tommies at the Front are complaining that they "haven't had a bath for a month," while the Germans are continually getting into hot water.

* * *

A contract for dock-gates has been transferred from the Gutehoffnungshutte Gesellschaft to the Tyneside. The German firm can now set about contracting its name.

* * *

The Reading Citizens' Defence Force, which has now reached a strength of 1,000, is asking the Army Council for recognition. It is strongly hoped locally that the War Office will see its way to take the biscuit.

* * *

Bernhardi in his book, "Germany and the Next War," says: "It is the duty of the State to fight alcoholism with every weapon." And what is more, the German soldiers are assisting by energetically putting down drink wherever they come across it.

* * *

"Don't count h enemy," says General Dmitrieff, "beat him." But the day of reckoning will come, nevertheless.—*London Opinion*.

It never occurred to us before that people abused the letter H because they considered it an enemy. We always thought it was merely an economy of breath.

A WOMAN—AND A POSTSCRIPT.

The woman, garbed in the uniform of the Red Cross nurses, sat writing. Her hand, strong, white, and capable, moved slowly across the paper, and the shaded lamp on the table cast its light upon her sternly compressed lips and upon the strands of grey in her dark brown hair. It was very silent in the long and lofty ward: now and then a wounded soldier would move uneasily in his bed, sinking almost immediately again into heavy slumber, that blessed slumber which waits on convalescence when wounds are nearly healed.

And this is the letter that the Red Cross nurse wrote to a woman who lived, miles upon miles from France, in a villa near Berlin.

"Madame,—

"Your son is here in this hospital of Northern France.

"He was grievously wounded, and I, a Frenchwoman, have watched over him night and day, snatching him out of the jaws of death. I tell you the absolute truth when I inform you that it is thanks to me that he is alive at this moment. Yesterday, madame, news reached me, tidings which were not pleasant. My own son, who is at the front, fell, slightly wounded, and one of the German soldiers, perhaps your son, madame, finished him, in cruel, cowardly fashion, by two bayonet thrusts through the back. I am not a saint, but merely a bereaved mother, almost mad with sorrow. Why should I not revenge myself? Your son is under my hands; he is in my keeping. To-night, madame, an injection of morphia will end his life. I swear to you that as soon as the clock in the ward chimes nine I shall administer it."

She signed her name with unfaltering fingers. Outside the October dusk had deepened into night. A chilly rain was falling, and the autumn leaves were flying and fluttering in the gusts of wind. The woman thought of her son, cold and lifeless, in the trench in the Forest of Ardennes, where he and so many brave young fellows who had died for the glory of France were lying. It would be bleak and cold in those woodlands now, and the dank, withered leaves would be many. The woman sat motionless at the table, her brooding eyes heavy and fathomless with deep, deep thought.

Then she took up her pen again. This time she wrote rapidly:

"P.S.—

"Madame, your son is nearly well again. In another fortnight or so he will be completely out of danger. After all, I could not take the revenge I proposed. But perhaps I have caused you to live for an hour the bitter anguish that I shall have to bear throughout my life."

She put the letter into an envelope. There were no tears in her sombre, tragical eyes as she penned the address.

A voice, guttural despite its weakness, broke the silence of the ward. A German soldier was demanding in grumbling accents a draught of barley water.

She poured some into a glass, and went on quick, silent feet to his bedside.

G. Sinclair.

TO WILLIAM.

O Kaiser, fickle, false and vain,
(Gloating o'er babes and women slain),
Whose goaded Huns attacked Louvain
And burned it,

When your black reign on earth has flown
And Satan claims you for his own,
If he should offer you his throne,
Take it—you've earned it!

A story that sails near the wind will always raise a breeze.

* * *

A woman hates to see her first grey hair come just as her husband hates to see his last one go.

Shade of Wellington: "Look at that little Emperor playing at being a General."
Shade of Napoleon: "That a General! Why he's nothing but a housebreaker."

THE MAYOR OF TANBOROUGH.

Peter John Hampden-Jones, Esq., J.P., was a pompous old ass, and to this, perhaps, may be attributed the fact that his name figured on the roll of the Great Unpaid. He gave Charles Masters a taste of his quality.

"The husband of my daughter," declared this shoddy Solomon, donning his best magisterial manner, "must at least be the son of a man who has been singled out by his citizens for honour—one, let me say as an example of my meaning, who has attained the dignity of mayor. There are numerous other positions"—he emitted a deprecatory cough as who should say, "I refrain from alluding to myself"—"positions to hold any of which is an indisputable sign of great worthiness. But a mayoralty is the apex of solid achievement. It is a distinction bestowed by the people on one of the people, and '*Vox populi vox Dei.*'"

"Would you visit the father's sin of incapacity upon the child?"

"No, not so. I would put it in this way—that I would endow the child with his father's virtue of success in the hope and belief that he would strive to enhance the reputation of the name he bore—that he would rise and swell like—like——"

Rhadamanthus vainly sought a simile, and Charlie was about to suggest a batch of bread when the old man reverted to the splendour of mayoral dignity. He had once attended a charity function at which the mayor of the district had appeared in full state, and the pre-eminence of the post had become an *idée fixe*.

Charlie Masters chuckled inwardly. The jabbering old fathead had, so to speak, given the game into his opponent's hand. As a father-in-law he was not everything that could be desired, but then there was no compulsion to listen to his *ore rotundo* rot, and Rosie was exquisite. Suppressing an explosion of laughter by attacking a collar that he affected gripped him too tightly, Charlie limped into action, speaking with awe and humility.

"I feel the force of your remarks, sir—your words of wisdom—and for the present I withdraw my pretensions. I love, I adore Miss Jones——"

Here the Justice coughed, this time importantly.

"Miss Hampden-Jones, sir, if you please. The great palladium of civil liberty must not be dissociated from his humble descendant."

Charlie wondered whether the great palladium's blood would flow from his *soi-disant* descendant's nose. He was tempted to satisfy himself upon the point by vigorously tweaking that organ. However, he resisted the temptation, and, having again assaulted his inoffensive collar, put on another thickness of humility.

"I was about to express a request that you would grant me permission to acquaint Rosie—that is, Miss Hampden-Jones—with my sincerest wishes for her happiness, to urge upon her the duty of bowing to your decision, to point out to her that filial obedience is her helm, her beacon, her anchor, in the storm and stress of life. I have not your eloquence at command, but do I make myself understood?"

"Perfectly," answered the humbugged J.P. "I give you five minutes. You will find my daughter on the lawn, scattering food among her feathered friends."

Charlie took up his hat, and executed a timid tattoo upon its crown.

"I take it, Mr. Hampden-Jones, that you would consider favourably a proposal from—say, the son of a mayor, to adopt the qualification you mention."

"Certainly."

"Then, sir, I may hold you to your word."

"It is my bond."

Without so much as "I bid you good morning," Charlie occupied ten seconds in negotiating the hundred yards separating him from Rosie, and made the most of his time. They were not all soft, sweet nothings that he whispered into the little pink shell-like ear but, whatever they otherwise were, they were effective in chasing glistening tears from a pair of bonny blue eyes, and causing a rosebuddy mouth to open and reveal two rows of little white things which it seemed absurd to term teeth.

One, two, three—a dozen kisses, and Charlie trekked to the railway station of Old Boltnet, which, as everyone knows, is on the Great North Road, and is some fourteen miles from Charing Cross.

He shot up the stairs of 99b, Chancery Lane, and in one of a suite of rooms tenanted by "Charles Masters, Patent Agent," he sat down and wrote:—

Dear Bob,—

"I think you informed me that my Dad had been chosen Mayor by that bally fraud of a Council to which you act as clerk. Influence Weatherley to insert a par about the ninth's doings, and to avoid treating the affair flippantly. To the readers of the *Woolshire Chronicle* a serious handling of the subject would be funny, and it will suit me down to the ground. Don't fail. It means everything to yours ever,

"Charlie."

The envelope containing this letter was addressed, "Robert Clodham, Esq., Council Club, Tanborough, Woolshire."

At noon on the 11th November, Mr. Charles Masters might have been observed directing the attention of Peter John Hampden-Jones to an item in a newspaper.

"There, sir, read that."

P. J. H.-J. obeyed, and gathered unto himself this:—

"Tanborough's New Mayor.—Yesterday Mr. Robert Masters, chosen by the 'Council' to serve as Mayor of Tanborough for the ensuing twelve months, was inducted by Clerk R. Clodham into the chair with the usual formalities. In the morning the procession made its customary circuit, but in view of the crisis through which the country is passing, the illuminations at night were abandoned. The new Mayor is exceedingly popular."

Charlie waved the *Woolshire Chronicle* exultingly.

"As the son of the Mayor of Tanborough, I ask you for the hand of your daughter in marriage. You don't, you can't refuse. Your word is your bond. Rosie on the lawn? Ta-ta, father-in-law, for the present. I'll look in upon you again when I've fixed up things with the future Mrs. Masters."

Another hundred yards dash, silvery peals of laughter, osculatory operations, and general joy on the lawn.

Charlie Masters is engaged to Rose, while Peter John Hampden-Jones, J.P., of The Dene, Old Boltnet, Herts, is unaware that Tanborough, Woolshire, is an insignificant hamlet, holding within its area a few gentlemen who, possessed of a certain sense of humour, constituted themselves a "Council," and annually elect a Mayor to preside over their travesties of local legislation. The village having for some unknown reason been styled a borough they argue that it should behave as such. To this end there has been furnished a sword and a mace, the latter upon close investigation turning out to be a giant turnip, carved and gilded.

It is probable that Mr. Hampden-Jones will remain in his present blissful bluffed condition.

Hal Vicke.

Positive—sin; comparative—sinner; superlative—cynic.

* * *

Love is the most wonderful thing in the world—yet any fool can make it.

* * *

A man may be honest as the day is long but still do a lot of mischief during the night.

* * *

A great many people, though they know that honesty is the best policy, are unable to keep up the premiums.

* * *

Truth, we are told, lives at the bottom of the well. So far we have never heard of anybody getting drowned looking for her.

* * *

Very few people are absolutely true to their principles. Even the democratic novelist cherishes a sneaking regard for "royalties."

MORE OR LESS

The Passing Show.

I went to the Lord Mayor's Show—at least, to quote from that classical song, "I didn't want to do it," but the crowd made me. It trod on me and pushed me and hustled me till somehow or other I found myself propelled into the roadway, and there, willy-nilly, I had to stay until the Lord Mayor and the bands and the Sheriffs and things had passed. On the whole, I wasn't sorry. London crowds' remarks are always illuminating, and the Chief Magistrate's coachman was, as ever, a thing of joy. His calves might be envied by a Dowager Duchess, and his dignity by the Kaiser. I, for one, though, didn't envy the gentleman who rode in that archaic gold coach. The way it swung and rocked and rolled was far too reminiscent to me of a cross-Channel steamer. Still, I suppose, the stomach—or perhaps I had better call it the corporation—of a Mayor can stand anything. Look at all the banquets he has to eat. I always think a Lord Mayor should have an escort of real turtles. It would be far more in the scheme of things. And I am sure the sight of a turtle weeping tears on Ludgate Hill would move even a London crowd to enthusiasm. As it was, it seemed quite pleasantly bored. The papers, of course, prattled prettily about the prevailing enthusiasm, but you can take it from me that, where I stood, anyway, the cheers weren't sufficiently loud to wake the peacefully slumbering refugee baby beside me. Perhaps, however, it had grown too used to bombs to worry about a mere procession.

* * *

An Idle Boast.

"When we go to war," a Prussian officer is reported to have remarked arrogantly the other day, on having his attention drawn to certain little matters that are at present occupying the attention of the world, "we take no count of women and children." Only a fool could have made such a stupendously silly remark. You've always got to reckon with the women in war as well as in peace. The only thing in life a man can never escape is a woman. To put her out of his calculations, therefore, is the worst strategy possible. Win over the woman and the battle, whether promoted by Cupid or Mars, is won. But ill-treat her, scorn her, tell her she doesn't count, and see what happens. She will never rest until she has got even with you. The man who is fool enough to under-estimate women should have the wisdom of Diogenes; at least, enough to keep him safely chained to his tub. Otherwise—well, we're short enough of men now as it is.

* * *

The Browning Kiss.

Of real men, that is to say. We have far too many remaining of the other sort. What shall be said of the male butterfly who still flaps flippantly upon the iron wheel of war, and drinks champagne with Gertie at the Savoy, while other men have the smell of sterner powder in their nostrils than that of *Poudre d'Amour*, and dance with death in the trenches with the roar of cannons in the background for orchestra. In our heart of hearts we can never have liked the man whose world was Romano's, bounded on the north, south, east and west by girls and Brighton. He had his uses, of course. He never bored you with love-making or gave you a Browning kiss. If you don't know what a Browning kiss is, let me explain to you that it is both purple and passionate, and belongs to that type of man who is probably at the moment using a Browning revolver. He would never try and make you climb the heights of love just when you were dying to powder your nose somewhere in peace. Far sooner would he give you diamonds. It was so much less trouble. This kind of man would sooner do anything than be bored either by a girl or a bayonet. "Life is too short," as one bright specimen said to me the other day. I agree—it is too short to know him. I think every girl would be doing her country a public service now if she declined with thanks—just like an editor declines contributions, only not so politely; nobody could be so polite as a regretful editor—the acquaintance of any young unfettered man who refuses to join the colours. Women can do a lot that way, you know. They have done in the past, as your history will tell you. The more men we have, the shorter the war, so it's up to the girls of to-day to emulate the matrons of yesterday. We can do it. Feminine arms are powerful weapons, especially when they are withheld.

* * *

Blue and a Little Yellow.

It's very nice to have summer in November, isn't it? I daresay it will be freezing when you read this, but I can't help that. Just at the moment stray butterflies and flowers, even common little house-flies, are popping up everywhere, and to wear flannel and fur when the day shouts "June" is an absurdity. Nothing can surprise our Continental visitors more, I should say, here than the weather. The land of frost and fog and rain has skies as blue as those of France. Soon they will be looking for vineyards down the Strand. Presently, too, it is to be hoped, a Belgian soldier will cease to be regarded as a kind of free curiosity. When they first came over here, I used to wonder, when I saw knots of people standing stock still in a crowded thoroughfare and staring at something in their midst, what it was all about. Soon I came to recognise that the British public had turned the neighbourhood of Charing Cross into a sort of Madame Tussaud's. I hope "*ces braves Belges*" don't object to being looked upon as animated waxworks. They don't seem to mind anyway, for they are always smiling broadly and accepting cigarettes. The Belgian soldier typifies to me the one motto in life I have made peculiarly my own—"A merry heart goes all the way."

LOUISE HEILGERS.

"JACKEY" FISHER (an Impression).

The more cheek a woman has, the more rare her blush.

BY THE WAY.

Shortly before his death, I was talking to Bennet Burleigh about the South African War, and I asked him whom he regarded as the essentially "great man" of that struggle. "Oh, Kitchener, by a long way," he replied. "Roberts didn't do anything except a lot of piffle, and K. ought to have been Commander-in-Chief." I feel convinced that if Burleigh were living now he would be insisting, with all the weight of his pen, that more of the new army should be sent forthwith to the front, instead of dangling the threat of "conscription" over our heads. All professional soldiers, of course, are in favour of compulsory service, and it looks very much as if Earl Kitchener is going to impose his will upon his colleagues of the Army Council.

* * *

Recently making one of his rare appearances at the National Liberal Club (for, like some other statesmen, "the Reform is his club and the National Liberal his caravanserai"), the Marquess of Crewe was buttonholed by a bibulous journalistic acquaintance whom we will call X. "Come home with me, m' lord," hiccoughed this worthy. "We've a nice hand o' pork for supper, and the missis will make you welcome." It was a trying moment, but Lord Crewe's proverbial tact and urbanity did not forsake him. Patting the bibulous one on the shoulder, he said, "I would be only too delighted, X., but I'm afraid Lady Peggy is waiting up for me."

* * *

Less kind was the rejoinder of a popular dramatist of my acquaintance, who at a reception was much distracted by the singing of a young woman whose aspirations ought not to have been vocal. At the close of the evening she said to him, "You think I sing nicely, don't you, Mr. ——?" "You have what is better than a beautiful voice, my dear young lady," he retorted: "you have a kind heart." They are strangers now.

* * *

The welcome re-entry of Admiral Sir Percy Scott to active service recalls a story of the music hall "Woman Who Knows." The original raconteur is perhaps our old friend Ben Trovato, but, *nolens*, it is worth the retelling. It runs thus. Once upon a time, at the Station Hotel, York, Malcolm Scott was in the immediate vicinity of two or three "nutty" subalterns. "I say, Scott," drawled a "second left," "I've heard that Percy is your brother. Is that right?" The eyes of the "Woman Who Knows" twinkled merrily. "I believe Percy has that honour," was the quiet answer. "By Jove!" exclaimed the Sub. "Just fancy! How the deuce did you let yourself down to be a commission business?" Malcolm smiled beautifully. "Well, you see it was this way. Percy was lived all right in the Navy, and Dad couldn't afford to place both his other sons. My youngest brother was admittedly the fool of the family, and feeling that I had sufficient brains to carve out a broad-and-gloomy career for myself, I suggested that he should go into the Army. Dad agreed, and there he is, and here am I."

* * *

"The Unspeakable Turk" was a phrase coined by Carlyle in '76, in exhorting his countrymen "to kick the Turks out of Europe." It was capped by Gladstone in the same year, the G.O.M. writing that "their Zaptiehs and their Mudirs, their Bimbashis and their Yuzbashis, their kaimakams and their Pashas, one and all, bag and baggage, shall, I hope, clear out from the province (Bulgaria) they have desolated and profaned." Haply shall we see both prophets justified in 1915? Gladstone's utterance was in his famous "Bulgarian Horrors" pamphlet, copies of which, as the funny man said, rapidly "became scarce"—so scarce that if you are lucky enough to possess one to-day you have something worth having, more especially if it contain the G.O.M.'s characteristic little signature.

* * *

This little story was told me by a lady journalist with a masculine *nom de guerre*, who was sent to interview Caton Woodville, prince of battle-artists and of Bohemians. Woodville was in bed when "his" card was brought up, and, seeing a man's name on the piece of pasteboard, he naturally said, "Show him up." According the fair interviewer entered, to be greeted by a vision of Woodville in picturesque pyjamas. Tableau!

* * *

The new Home Office regulation to the effect that "No alien enemy shall be allowed to enter or be at any time in any premises in which celluloid or kinematograph film is manipulated or stored," is causing a good deal of "unrehearsed comedy business" in film circles. The British members of the trade are loyally assisting the Government to carry out the new regulation, and last week I witnessed an amusing instance of this, when the English manager of a film agency in Gerrard Street, which occupied the floor over another agency controlled by a German, personally threw the latter out of his own

THE GIRL WHO DIDN'T SMILE BACK.

"I'm fed up with khaki. It makes all the boys look alike. Can't tell who's refined and who ain't."

offices into the street. I came across other disconsolate Teutons trying to transact business on the pavement outside their own offices.

* * *

Middle-aged playgoers, who remember the wonderful triumphs, thirty or forty years ago, in London, of that famous and popular actress, Miss Jennie Lee—the original "Joe" in the play-version of "Bleak House"—will be interested to hear that Miss Lee, who recently celebrated her sixty-fifth birthday, will shortly be seen on the kinema screen in this country in a prominent part in an American film entitled "The Clansman."

* * *

Dr. Cook, the enterprising American whose clever "North Pole Spoof" of the entire United States a few years ago made world-wide the reputation of his countrymen for gullibility—already known to London through their constant victimisation by "confidence" tricksters—is, I am told, again preparing a campaign in England and America in support of his fantastic claims. He has had prepared in California an elaborate picture play entitled "The Explorer," in which the "true" story of his principal adventures is presented in the form of a drama. In this he plays the part of the hero, while the heroine is supposed to be a wealthy girl who falls in love with "The Explorer" because of his prowess—as an "inventor," I presume. As the artful doctor ranks with such masters in the art of "telling the tale" as the Kaiser, Ananias, "Captain" Koepoenik (another German), and Mr. De Rougemont, we shall look forward with interest to seeing the film version of his adventures when it arrives in London.

* * *

I wonder if Lord Kitchener recalls the callow subaltern who, joining for the advance on Khartoum in 1898, remarked to him, "It's a long way from Cairo, sir—it took me ten days to get here." "It has taken most of us two and a half years," drily replied K. of K. For the forthcoming I can vouch, but I won't stand sponsor for Kitchener's alleged retort of "I ride a horse myself," to the individual who spoke of "as the crow flies," when questioned as to desert distances—for I suspect Mr. Benjamin Trovato.

* * *

Can it be possible that the Mr. Victor Trumper who writes in the current *Nautical Magazine* concerning "The Behaviour of Ships in Canals" (with special reference to the Suez Canal) is *the* Victor Trumper? It may be so, for the world's greatest batsman after Ranji has negotiated the Suez Canal many times on his cricket tours to England.

THE LOITERER.

"I think this 'ere Kaiser 's a bit of a 'ypocrite."
"Mebbe. But what is a 'ypocrite?"
"Why, a man wot says 'e is what 'e isn't, but 'e ain't."

SPORTING NOTES.

The Derby Cup, run on Friday, November 20, will produce a good field, by the look of the acceptances. Florist has top-weight to carry, and now that the going is favourable will, I think, take care of all the horses weighted near him, down to Arda. Bowman won the race last year from Redwood, at a difference of 17 lb., but they now meet at 6 lb. only; so that the latter has the best of the argument, and should run very forward into the bargain. Clarenceux—a failure at the stud—has been doing good work of late, but I fancy is a back-number. Green Falcon is sure to win one of the important handicaps still to be run, and should not be allowed to run loose. The Guller is not at all badly weighted, and is another that will be well suited by the going, and I should not be surprised if he goes very close to winning. Taylor, I should say, will rely on October, but he has one or two engagements at Liverpool, and may have run before these lines are in print. Anyway, he would be very dangerous if reserved for this event. Hare Hill is expected to secure a race directly, and must not be left out of the reckoning, although Robinson has Balscadden also standing in. Of those lower down in the handicap I have a great liking for Naughty Girl, and if this be her journey I should certainly have her on my side. Farakabad ran well for this race last year, finishing third, but has done nothing this season. Darling has William's Pride and Solomon's Mine entered, and of the two, I prefer the latter over this course. Grecian Maid easily appropriated the Nottingham Handicap last month, and should again beat Gravelotte. The Forest is not likely to run I am told. It is an exceedingly open race, of that there is no doubt; still, I shall throw in my lot with

NAUGHTY GIRL,

and she should show a profit, supported each way.

To-day (Saturday, November 14th), at Liverpool, for the Grosvenor Cup, I fancy William Gunn, and for the Liverpool Nursery, Buskin.

On Monday, at Leicester, Atherstone Plate, Solomon's Mine; and Melton Plate, Sweet Sun. On Tuesday, the Leicester November Selling Handicap Plate, Donnithorne. On Wednesday, at Derby, the Rangemore Stakes, Tournament; and on Thursday, the Foston Auction Plate, Brancepeth.

BLACKSTONE.

There was a little girl,
And she had a little curl, right in the middle of her forehead.
When she was good,
She was very, very good,
And when she was bad . . . . she was vastly more entertaining.

Your Future Depends on YOURSELF

IF the noble efforts and splendid courage of our Army and Navy are to be of the greatest use to our Country, it is essential that those of us who are unable to take our places in the fighting line should keep the wheels of industry and commerce revolving.

YOU must do YOUR part. The first point is: see to it that your job is secure. That each man should, as far as possible, keep his job is of great importance to our country.

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IN TIME OF WAR PREPARE FOR PEACE

IN STAGELAND.

To say nothing of the dog! Of "The Soldier's Wedding" at the Lyceum, it is scarcely an exaggeration to say that the principal honours are borne off by a canine rather than a human performer. "Towser" is certainly a wonderfully "histrionic" dog, and when he tore the hero's nether garments to tatters the audience simply loved it. They also loved all the old ingredients and the old favourites so deftly dished up—if I may use so irreverent a term—by Mr. Walter Melville. These favourites include pretty Jessie Winter as "Nancy Lee" (no, this is a military, not a nautical melodrama), Henry Lonsdale as the hero, Lionel Gadsden as the villain, and Chas. Vane as a set-things-right-about-face sort of Colonel.

* * *

Not since the Japanese players stormed the town when they appeared at the Coronet upwards of a dozen years ago, have we had any artist from the Land of the Chrysanthemum of such compelling intensity, vivacity, and charm as Madame Hanako. This dainty little lady you may now see (and you really ought to see) at the Ambassadors' Theatre, where she deliciously plays the part of a servant decking herself out in her mistress's finery. This playlet is simply called "Mistaken Identity," but Mdme. Hanako is also seen in an extraordinarily painful death-scene in a more essentially Japan-esy *milieu*. We were occasionally reminded of poor Laurence Irving and his partially Far-Eastern company in "Typhoon."

* * *

Apropos, I well remember being present in the managerial sanctum at the Coronet when the little Japs of 1900 were signing their contract. Asked if they wouldn't like to celebrate the occasion in champagne, they quaintly expressed a preference for cherry-whiskey—a preference not wholly remote from Japan, the "Land of the Cherry-Blossom," I suppose.

* * *

"The Great Adventure" finished on Saturday, after its splendid run of nearly two years. Granville Barker is following it with a play of striking contrast in Thomas Hardy's "Dynasts," which was never intended by its author for stage presentation. Mr. Hardy's Napoleonic drama is, in fact, in 130 scenes! But I understand that the Kingsway plan is to go in for a great deal of very blue-pencilling, and also for doing away with all elaborate scenic effects, as was done with the Shakespearian and Maeterlinckian productions at the Savoy.

* * *

The death of Tom Gallon has snatched away a novelist-dramatist whose charming little phantasy, "The Man Who Stole the Castle," was followed by a dramatisation of his *magnum opus*, "Tatterley." This last, with Chas. Cartwright in the name-part, has been staged in Suburbia, but never in the West End. May we hope to see it—shall I say—"after the war"?

* * *

Tom Gallon once told me that the death of "Tatterley" was suggested to him by a tragic incident of his schoolmaster-ing days. In the class-room one day he had occasion to speak sharply to a boy for inattention. The lad took no notice, and Gallon walked over to him—only to discover that he was dead!

* * *

The impending Haymarket revival of "The Flag Lieutenant"—which was announced in MODERN LIFE just seven weeks before any other paper knew it—is now imminent. A quite exceptional cast includes Godfrey Tearle (now, apparently, this theatre's leading man), Allan Aynesworth, Ellis Jeffreys, Frances Ivor, and Stella "Pat" Campbell. This should prove a great "draw" during the Christmas holiday season.

THE UNDERSTUDY.

EDITORIAL NOTE.

The original drawings of illustrations which have appeared in "Modern Life" are for sale. Prices on application to the Editor.

OURSELVES AND OTHER PEOPLE.

WILLING TO OBLIGE.

Darling: "I want to test your affection for me, George."

He: "Well, what is it?"

She: "I want you to give up smoking for my sake. Will you do it?"

He: "Certainly I will. Hereafter I'll smoke exclusively for my own sake."

* * *

She: "You know, hubby dear, owing to the war everything has gone up so much that I'm not going to buy a new hat for Mary—she can wear mine."

He: "And you?"

She: "Well, I must of course have a new one, now."

* * *

German General (to the Kaiser, who is growing despondent at losses): "It has always been true what the immortal William said, 'Uneasy lies the head that wears a Crown!'"

The Kaiser: "When did I say that?"

* * *

HIS SAGE METHOD.

"How is it that young Dr. Pipsissewa has succeeded in building up a large practice so quickly?"

"Oh, he tells his men patients that they work their brains far harder than their bodies, and his women patients that for some time they have been kept up solely by their wills. Naturally, he cannot help but succeed."—*Puck* (New York).

* * *

KNEW THEIR BUSINESS.

We never appreciated how rare was the quality of the foresight exercised by our forefathers in emigrating from Europe quite so keenly as at the present time.—*Wabash* (Ind.) *Plain Dealer.*

* * *

The importance of woman, which loomed so large before the war, has now become, as in the days of the Garden of Eden, a side issue.—*London Opinion.*

* * *

Isaacstein: "Ah, yes, madam, here is von of our latest Paris creations."

Mrs. Catterson: "Paris? What are those perforations?"

"Those are bullet holes."—*Life* (New York).

SORRY!

"I had no idea you were married, old man."

"Don't you remember introducing me to Miss Smith at your sister's? She is my wife now."

"Awfully sorry, old chap. Hope it won't make any difference to our friendship."

—Sydney Bulletin.

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